

## WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY

It Is the Most Interesting Sight Around Richmond, Most Visitors Agree

CONTAINS MANY RELICS

Many Priceless Relics on Exhibit Within Its Walls; The Real Shrine of the Confederacy, and Hours Spent in Mansion by Visitors From the North

(Richmond Times-Dispatch.)

Ask strangers what they consider the most interesting sight around Richmond. If the visitor comes from the north of the Mason and Dixon line, or is of foreign birth, there will be no hesitancy in the answer.

"Why, the Confederate Museum, of course."

And this is true.

For every Richmond man, woman or child of Southern birth who visit the "White House of the Confederacy," there are two visitors from the North, West or foreign shores. This is fully borne out by an inspection of the register in the big museum. Less than one-third of the names are those of people whose descendants fought for, or swore allegiance to the lost cause.

And yet the Confederate Museum houses the biggest and most important collections of Confederate relics and mementoes of any single place in the South. It is the real shrine of the Confederacy, and hours are spent within the historic mansion by visitors from the North, and hours could be profitably spent there by the people of Richmond.

No Visitor From North Omits Call at Museum.

The fame of the museum has spread through the North, and no visitor to Richmond feels that the visit is complete without going through it. During the recent convention of the American Bankers' Association, hundreds of the delegates visited the place daily, and yet the entertainment committee, composed of local men, knew so little of its location that the tickets of admittance had its address wrong. Recent conventions of Southern men have been here, but there was no visible increase in attendance during the visits.

The museum is housed in the historic residence of Dr. Brockenborough at Twelfth and Clay streets. It is a beautiful example of the antebellum architecture, with the small street entrance and wide, sweeping porch, with its massive columns, overlooking the rear garden. The house was sold to the city of Richmond in 1862 for the use of the Confederate government. The city had furnished it and offered it to President Davis, but he had firmly declined to accept the gift. It was then rented and occupied by him and his family until the evacuation of Richmond on April 13, 1865.

It was in this house that President Davis held frequent conferences with General Lee, General Jackson and other great leaders. His daughter, Winnie, was born here, and it was by a fall from the back porch that his little son, Joe, lost his life.

Here also, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was received on his visit to Richmond just a few days prior to his assassination. General Godfrey Wetzell, in command of the Federal troops, took up his headquarters in the building after the evacuation, and for five years it was occupied by the Federal government.

In 1890 fifteen women, members of the Hollywood Memorial Association, after gathering the dead from many battlefields and reintering them in Hollywood, determined to perpetuate the memory of a just cause and the deeds of their heroes by collecting in a museum, relics, emblems, documents and other memorials of the war. Mrs. Joseph Bryan headed this body, and the Confederate Memorial Literary Society was the outcome.

Was Used as Public School for Many Years.

The Davis mansion had been used by the city for a school. Colonel John B. Cary was elected to the City Council for the express purpose of getting the building for a museum. He found that this could not be done until a new school was erected, and through his efforts the present Central School was erected and the society was given possession of the historic mansion.

After taking out all of the floors and stud beams and substituting concrete and putting in iron staircases, the museum was made as fireproof as any standing building could. Then began the gathering of the thousands of relics and priceless documents. The building was thrown open to the public in 1896. The dedicatory services were held on February 23, by Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D. General Bradley T. Johnston, C. S. A., made the

oration, and Colonel Charles T. O'Farrell, the Governor of Virginia, and his staff were present.

The first money raised for the establishment of the museum came from a big bazaar held in conjunction with the committee which erected the Soldiers Monument on Libby Hill. Merchants from all over the South contributed to the cause, and railroads and express companies hauled the donations without charge. More than \$31,400 was secured, and half of this went to the museum fund.

Working on Plan for Endowment of Rooms.

At the present time the revenues are derived from door fees. Each visitor is charged 25 cents, except on Saturdays when the admittance is free. The society is now, however, working on a plan of endowment, which will put the museum on such a footing that it will not need to depend on outside sources for its maintenance.

The plan is simple. There are fifteen rooms in the building. Each of the seceding States has one, three border States, Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky, have one, and the largest room is known as the "Solid South." The society is now working on a proposition to have each State endow its room to the extent of \$2,000. Two States have already done so, and including a general endowment of \$10,000, the total amount now invested by the society is \$23,614.37.

Each of the rooms has a regent residing in the State it represents, whose duties it is to solicit and collect contributions of both relics and cash. In addition, a vice-regent resides here and has absolute control over the room and its contents. A house regent has charge of the building.

Thousands of mementoes of the war are to be seen in the various rooms. In the Virginia room can be seen the hats, coats, saddle and accoutrements of General Lee, Jackson and Stuart. A coat stained with the blood of Jackson is exhibited, while two of the plumes that graced the hat of the dashing Stuart are to be seen. Battle-flags, messages, arms, ammunition, and every conceivable relic are to be found. In addition to these are the celebrated Chapman pictures showing the siege of Charleston, and the Seward collection depicting the life of the Confederate soldier. These are the only part of the whole exhibits that were purchased. The library has 20,000 original manuscripts, kept in fire-proof cases, also 175 bound volumes. These papers are priceless.

In the yard is the propeller shaft of the Merrimac, of Virginia, the noted Confederate ironclad. Surrounding the driveway is the anchor chain of the United States frigate Cumberland, which sunk after being rammed by the Merrimac.

Object of Great Interest to Visitors.

During the past seven years the society has been publishing annual year books. From these books it is found that 56,078 persons have registered from the North. As the total number of fees paid was only 52,856 and the free admittances were 22,164, it will be seen that nearly two-thirds of the visitors are from the North. The largest attendance was in 1907, during the Jamestown Exposition. The number paying admission for that year were 17,171. The present average is about 6,000.

The door fees for the last fiscal year were \$1,567, while the donations from every source amounted to \$3,246.95. The expenses for the year were \$2,104.93, or an average of \$175.41 per month. The new profits during the past seven years amounts to \$3,695.28.

The present membership of the society is of two kinds, life and annual. There are 327 of the latter and 205 of the former. The officers are as follows:

President, Miss Sally Archer Anderson; first vice-president, Mrs. Abby Manly Gwathmey; second vice-president, Mrs. Herbert W. Jackson; third vice-president, Mrs. Philip Taylor; recording secretary, Mrs. John Mason; corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. Enders Robinson; treasurer, Mrs. H. Theodore Ellyson; honorary vice-president, Mrs. E. D. Hotchkiss; house regent, Miss Susan B. Harrison.

Chairmen of committees—catalogue committee, Mrs. M. L. Doren; finance committee, Mrs. C. E. Bolling; grounds committee, Mrs. Edgar Taylor; house committee, Miss Betty Ellyson; membership committee, Mrs. Charles E. Borden; memorial committee, Mrs. James N. Dunlop; publication committee, Miss Lucy T. Munford; sites committee, Mrs. James R. Werth.

Each Seceding State Maintains Special Room.

State rooms: Alabama—regent, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Birmingham, Ala.; vice-regent, Mrs. James H. Drake. Arkansas—regent, Mrs. L. C. Hall, Dardanelle, Ark.; vice-regent, Mrs. W. R. Miller; alternate, Mrs. Hugh Miller.

Florida—regent, Mrs. F. P. Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla.; vice-regent, Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel; alternate, Mrs. R. F. Chamberlayne.

Georgia—regent, Mrs. R. L. Nesbitt, Marietta, Ga.; vice-regent, Miss Katherine C. Stiles; alternate, Mrs. Merrill H. Tilghman.

Kentucky—Regent, Mrs. Kate E. Perry-Mosher, Covington, Ky.; vice-regent, Miss Mattie P. Harris; alternate, Mrs. E. V. Valentine.

Louisiana—Regent, Mrs. W. J. Behan, New Orleans, La.; vice-regent, Mrs. J. Fenton Taylor; alternate, Mrs. Philip Taylor.

Maryland—Regent, Mrs. John P.

## A LEGEND OF HINTON FALLS ON THE NEUSE

(A. V. DOCKERY)

Only last March, 1914, in the beginning thereof, the fancy attacked me to go wild for a month or so.

I found a lonely, well sheltered spot of woodland by river and creek side, and sequestered it for strictly private purposes.

It was situated on a lovely knoll some twenty feet above water, just where Crabtree creek empties its muddy contents into Neuse river; in a vast original forest, seven miles from Raleigh and a mile from the nearest cock crowing station.

I sought loneliness in order to avoid the querulous and to shun the garrulous; where the expenditure of damns would be less necessary and the communion with nature should be undisturbed.

Where there would be no cares to caress, no hopes to conjure with, no enemies to inspire.

It was an ideal location for such purpose.

Wood and wind and water were plentiful; and care free, hermit-like, my soul was content—almost happy.

I pitched my tent on the naked earth—a wedge-shaped 7x9 canvas, raked a lot of dry leaves into it for bedding and spread a couple of army blankets, one for mattress the other for cover.

I secured a boat and made it fast in the river twenty yards away. Then I set my trout lines, nets, and a large pyke net; not for sport but for exertion and subsistence. The sport must come with rod and reel in spare hours, and in the enjoyment of fresh air, in all hours.

I had a plenty of cooking utensils and while my larder was full it rarely overflowed, yet I caught all the "grub" I needed.

I was getting to be happy.

I had, during the first week, no visitors and extended congratulations to myself therefor. My time was fully occupied from the upcoming to the downward going of earth's greatest warmer; and a could think my own ideas without hindrance. The awful solitude was a pleasure to me.

But in the second week, while strolling down the river towards Hinton Falls I came upon a party of ladies fishing. We got friendly.

I had a big moccasin that one of my turtle frogs had invigiled on the hook—this interested the ladies.

Perhaps it was not more cruel for the impaled frog to be appropriated by a snake than by a turtle?

But I got a quail when the younger Miss said: "Mr. Dockery are you not scared to stay up there at night, alone?"

"No, why should I be?" "Because, she said, "Sonny Bryant was murdered right in front of your tent 25 years ago."

I remarked that live men might be dangerous, but that I was not scared of dead folks. I lied, somewhat. Indeed, I did not want the company of such thoughts. That night I remained awake until very late, trying not to think at all. I was really not scared, but somehow I could not forget. At any other time, especially daytime, I forgot things easily enough.

After several such nights, spent in enforced reflection, the quail wore off and I got on friendly terms with

Poe, Baltimore, Md.; vice-regent, Mrs. C. O'B. Cowardin; alternate, Mrs. Bradley S. Johnson.

Mississippi—Regent, Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, Brandon, Miss.; vice-regent, Mrs. T. A. Cary; alternate, Miss Pattie Albert Cary.

Missouri—Regent, Mrs. L. B. Valiant, St. Louis, Mo.; vice-regent, Mrs. S. H. Yonge; alternate, Mrs. J. Booton Hill.

North Carolina—Regent, Mrs. Latta C. Johnston, Charlotte, N. C.; vice-regent, Mrs. J. Allison Hodges; alternate, Mrs. Charles E. Borden.

South Carolina—Regent, Miss Julia Courtney Conner, Charleston, S. C.; vice-regent, Mrs. W. R. Cox; alternate, Mrs. H. C. Reiley.

Tennessee—Regent, Mrs. T. H. Baker, Jr., Memphis, Tenn.; vice-regent, Mrs. N. V. Randolph; alternate, Mrs. T. H. Ellett.

Texas—Regent, Mrs. Joseph B. Dibrell Seguin, Texas; vice-regent, Mrs. W. A. Harris; alternate, Mrs. J. D. Crump.

Virginia—Regent, Miss Mary Custis Lee, Alexandria, Va.; vice-regent, Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson; alternate, Mrs. J. B. Lightfoot.

Solid South Room—Regent, Mrs. Charles Herbert Silliman, New York City; vice-regent, Miss Minnie A. Baughman; alternate, Miss Lucy T. Munford.

Advisory Board—Rev. James Power Smith, D. D., chairman; Colonel Archer Anderson, General Charles J. Anderson, E. A. Baughman, Judge George L. Christian, General William Ruffin Cox, John S. Ellett, H. Theodore Ellyson, J. Taylor Ellyson, E. D. Hotchkiss, John Mason, Colonel W. Gordon McCabe, Colonel John E. Purcell, Edgar D. Taylor, E. V. Valentine.

Sonny's spirit, and lost the thought.

After all, he was only a fisher—harmless to the world.

Truly he had been brutally murdered years ago while seated on a rock by the river side, and watching a fish trap. No one was ever convicted of the crime, and the mystery has never been unshrouded, while rather illustrative rumors floated about for years.

I had no knowledge of the incident, and was not in the least interested in seeking information.

There were several fish traps at the falls nearby, and the owners suspected robbery. Vengeance is supposed to have taken its toll.

The third week I was plumb happy, had attained bliss (such as I wanted); cold nor wet, nor toting water from a spring an ugly mile away conquered my ardor.

But early in the morning of the fourth week I discovered a smoke some 300 yards down the river.

My choler arose. I suspected, point blank, that my solitude was nearby the end.

Eyesight convinced me that a tent full of hoolums from town with three jugs of whiskey was my nearest neighbor. I was sad, and madly sad.

Hitherto, cocks could not make me hear them crow, crickets sung me to sleep, and friendly owls hooted me good night.

Now, night had become day, and day became sleep-time, at the foreign camp.

That annoyed me. I lost fishing tackle, then my boat left me, and next my big fyke net was boldly taken out of the creek.

I am not naturally revengeful, but still I wanted to get on terms with somebody.

Sonny Bryant came into my mind. I carelessly imparted the story or history to the other camp, knowing such folks ordinarily fear ghosts more than God; and hoping they would scare and go home. Not so, however, as long as those three jugs held their own.

Those fellows roamed the river banks by night and called it possum hunting.

I secured a whole skull mask—a bald one—with big pale face, big eyelets and open mouth, put a night candle in it, stuck it on a 7-foot pole, clothed a wooden skeleton in white, then placed my Sonny Bryant on the spot of haunts by the path usually trodden by those night walkers.

Late that night I heard them coming, and sicking their dog after possums.

All of a sudden there was an awful big holler, "Hey, fellows look out."

Down and out went the torch, and there was a terrible scuffling and scrambling as the party rushed through the bushes, but not a word was said and sure no oath was uttered.

Next morning there was no sign of life at the camp.

I then moved to town, where I learned that those fellows arrived soon after midnight, and only said they quit because of the drunken crowd. I let it go at that.

### A QUEER LOOKING BANK

Federal Reserve Employees Don't Peer Through Wickets.

Kansas City Times.

One of the several thousand persons who has visited the Federal reserve bank of Kansas City, District No. 10, in the R. A. Long Building looked around and said:

"This is the queerest looking bank I ever saw."

And it is a departure from what the public has learned to expect in a bank. The public did not stand at wickets shoving in money to the tellers, nor did the tellers stand at wickets shoving out money to the public.

The public is not to transact any business at all with the bank—that is, directly. Only bankers are to transact business there, and most of their business will be done over the tables of the directors, Federal reserve agent, governor or cashier. When the fixtures are all installed there will be a tellers' wicket or two, but comparatively few persons will stand in front of them. The wickets will perform only their part in the routine.

The bank at present has not even a vault. The "strong box" in which to keep the millions in gold and gold certificates and other legal money will not be installed until about January 1. The workmen will not have it ready until then. In the meantime the money is to be kept in vault room rented from the Southwest National Bank of Commerce and the Fidelity Trust Company.

### BISCOE GIRLS WIN.

Raeord, Nov. 28.—The basketball game played Thanksgiving, between the Raeord high school team and the last year's team of Biscoe high school, was very interesting and resulted in a score of 15 to 12 in favor of Biscoe. The visitors were not in practice, but they could handle the ball and they kept the Raeord girls busy. The fine goal shooting of Jessie Clark, the quick guarding of Clara Page and Josephine Clark won the game for the visitors. With Mary Blue and Helen Dixon as guards the Biscoe players had a tussle to win the game. Eliza McEachern did good work in center for the locals.

Something generally happens to the man who flirts with temptation just to show how strong he is.